

## Advice by cartoonobsessedteenger

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**Summary:**

When Nancy gives Eleven advice, things get more confusing and awkward between Eleven and Mike.

## Advice

### Author's Note:

This is just a short piece. I've spent a few days working on another story, and I just found out it was deleted. But that's alright, because it wasn't too good anyways.

This is after the Snowball in season 2 of Stranger Things.

Eleven had always seen Nancy and Jonathan do stuff the girlfriends and boyfriends do. Mike had never called her his girlfriend, but she knew that they were close because they kissed.

Eleven's relationship with Mike was hard, because she was still struggling to understand things. So, she decided to go to Nancy. Nancy was like an older sister to Eleven, she and Jonathan usually took her and Mike to get ice cream or picked Eleven up from the cabin.

So, when it was just Nancy and Eleven, she finally asked her, "Nancy, what do boyfriends and girlfriends do?"

She quickly turned towards Eleven, shocked by her question, "Why, you got a boyfriend?"

Eleven's eyes widened and red rushed from her neck to her cheeks. She frantically shook her head, "What? No! But you and Jonathan are boyfriend and girlfriend."

She laughed at seeing Eleven's embarrassment, "Of course. Well, usually you kiss, talk, hold hands. You trust them with secrets, and you keep their secrets. And yes, sometimes fights do happen, but you just have to push through them."

"Oh, well that isn't a lot of stuff. Why does it seem like you and Jonathan do more?"

"Because we're older, and we do other things."

"Like what?"

"Oh, well, we make out a-"

"What's making out?"

"Oh, it's what Dustin calls 'sucking face'."

"Ohh, okay."

"Well, if you have any other questions you can always ask Max, I'm sure she'll know."

"Okay, thank you Nancy."

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A week later, Eleven, the boys, and Max had a sleepover in the Wheeler's basement. As usual, everyone slept on the ground. Eleven usually in her fort that Mike hasn't torn down, and everyone else around it. Sometimes Max and Eleven would fall asleep in the fort while talking. That night though, Eleven had Nancy's words stuck in her mind.

Even with everyone else asleep, Eleven still couldn't fall asleep. "Mike," she whispered.

"Yeah, El?"

"Can you come here?"

"Yeah," he carefully crawled into the fort and sat next to El, "What's wrong?"

"Nothing really, but I was just thinking. About us."

"What about us?"

"Well, Dustin always talks about 'sucking face'...what is that?"

Mike shifted in his spot, "Well, it's sorta like kissing. Except, it lasts longer. I don't know much about it, but for some reason people who like each other like to make out."

Eleven had kissed Mike twice. She liked them, even though they didn't last long. "Should we make out?"

"What? No!"

"Why not?"

"Because...I don't know. I know kids older than us make out, but not usually kids our age."

"Oh, okay. Goodnight, Mike."

"Goodnight El," Mike said, scooting out of the fort.

**Author's Note:**

This wasn't really too awkward, but I just needed to write something.